

# THE London Taylors Misfortune.

<sup>OR,</sup>  
*Cut-Beard-Harding* chous'd by a Country Lass.

Who he pickt up in the street, and invited to the Tavern, where he intended to have left her in Pawn for the Reckoning, but he being soon drunk dropt a sleep, at which opportunity she march'd off with a new suit of cloaths which he was carrying home to a Gentleman; Together with six-pence-half-penny-farthing, which is hop'd will be a warning to all Taylors how they meddle with Women as they walk the streets.

To the Tune of, Four-pence-half-penny-Farthing.

This may be Printed, R. D.



A Damsel came to London Town,  
a Daughter to a Saylor,  
And she was in a Bussel Coyn,  
and meeting with a Taylor:  
This Taylor he was neat and fine,  
his name was Cut-beard Harding,  
And in his Pocket store of Coyn,  
full sixpence half-penny farthing.

Neer five a clock at candle light,  
the Taylor chanc'd to meet her,  
He gazing on her beauty bright,  
resolv'd he was to treat her:

But one thing more you may denote  
of little Cut-beard Harding,  
Under his arms a Suit and Coat,  
with Six-pence-halfpenny-farthing.

At which he then was carrying home  
unto a worthy Master  
As he along the streets did Roam,  
he met with this Disaster;  
Which now doth make the Taylor rue,  
and eke repent his bargain,  
He lost his Cloaths and money too,  
full six-pence-half-penny-farthing.



Now you that fain would understand,  
 What prod'd the Taylors ruine  
 It was the meeting with a Lass,  
 as now these Lines are shewing;  
 And perfectly declare to you,  
 that near to Covent-Garden,  
 He meeting there a Damsel fair,  
 with six-pence-half-penny-farthing.

At first she seemed something shy,  
 and would not be Saluted;  
 The Taylor he did still reply  
 what need it be disputed;  
 Come let us drink a glass of Wine,  
 quoth little Cut-beard-Harding,  
 But at the length he did repent,  
 for six-pence-half-penny-farthing.

The Taylor he did then presume  
 to call for Sack and Sherry,  
 And bid them shew an upper Room,  
 where they at length was merry  
 But sorrow soon did overspread  
 the mirth of Cut-beard-Harding,  
 His Lass with his New Suit was fled,  
 and six-pence-half-penny-farthing.

The Taylor he was soon disguis'd,  
 to Sleep he fell a Snoring,  
 His Lass then presently betis'd  
 to fit him for his Whoring:

She pick'd his pocket of his Cole,  
 and took the cloaths from Harding  
 And down the Stairs away she stole,  
 with Six-pence-half-penny-farthing.

At length the Taylor did awake,  
 and stir'd and look'd about him;  
 But how he then his ears did shake,  
 to see her gone without him:  
 Straight from the Table then arose,  
 poor little Cut-beard-Harding,  
 And soon he mist his suit of Cloaths,  
 and Six-pence-half penny farthing.

The Taylor then did stamp & stare,  
 and likewise raps and thunders;  
 And from his head he tore his hair,  
 his heart almost in sunder  
 Was like to break, what course to take,  
 alas poor Cut-beard-Harding,  
 My suit he cry'd, and then reply'd,  
 my Sixpence half-penny farthing.

The Taylor knew not what to do,  
 the House must have their payment  
 He left his Hat and Coat in lieu,  
 and thus he stript his Rayment:  
 Hence let not Taylors be high flown  
 to go to Covent Garden,  
 But let each wanton Miss alone,  
 and think of Cut-beard-Harding.

Printed for J. Back, at the Black-Boy on London-bridge.